

The Coast of Chance

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Crew Idol mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Clara Gilsey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Herrick. Clara, who is like a brother to Harry, is a beautiful English girl. Harry takes her to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of the ring seems to cast a spell over Clara. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora is startled by the effect on Clara when she gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give up the stone to Harry, and suspects him of being the thief. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Butler tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Butler. Flora believes Harry suspects Clara and is waiting to make sure of the reward before turning her over to the police. Harry confesses their love for each other. Clara is followed by a Chinaman. Harry admits to Flora that he knew the ring was stolen. He attempts to take it from her. Flora goes to the San Mateo place with Mrs. Herrick and writes Clara and Clara to come. Ella Butler brings Clara to leave the judge alone, by giving her a picture of Farrell Wand. Clara and Harry unexpectedly arrive at San Mateo. Flora buys the picture of Farrell Wand from Clara for \$20,000. She misses her ring after Harry had said farewell to her. Kerr starts in pursuit of Harry.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"Do you feel better?" Mrs. Herrick asked her. Then she opened her eyes wide and saw the wall and the high-arched ceiling of the hall directly above her, knew herself lying on the floor, saw above her the figure of Clara, standing with a bottle of salts, and then remembered; and, with a moan, buried her face in Mrs. Herrick's lap. "Oh, no, no, no; don't bring me back; I don't want to come back!"

Their voices sounding high above her were speaking Mrs. Herrick said: "What is that?" Then Clara murmured. Then there was the light rustling of paper. Flora moved her hand.

"Give it to me; I want it." She felt the stiff little square of cardboard between her fingers, and closed them around it fast.

After a little she went upstairs holding tight to the baluster with one hand and to Mrs. Herrick with the other. After a little of sitting on the edge of her bed she lay down, still holding to Mrs. Herrick. She felt as though some cord within her had been drawn tight, too tight to endure, and every moment she hoped it would snap and set her free.

"You don't think I'm mad, do you?" she asked. Her friend earnestly disclaimed it. "Then things are," Flora said, "everything. Oh, oh!" The memory overwhelmed her. "He took me there as if by chance! He gave the sapphire to me for my engagement ring. Oh, dreadful! Oh, poor Harry!"

All that afternoon and all night she slept fitfully, starting up at intervals, trembling with nameless horrors—the glittering goldsmith's shop, the Chinaman, the great eye of the sapphire, and, worst of all, Harry's face, always the same calm, ruddy, good-natured, innocent-looking face that had led her to the goldsmith's shop, that had smiled at her, falling under the spell of the sapphire, that had covered, all those days, God knew what ravages of stress and strain, until the moon had sadly broken. That face appeared and disappeared through the flashing terrors of her dreams like the presiding genius of them all. Finally, drifting into complete repose, she slept far into the morning.

She awakened languid and weak. She lay looking about the room, and, like a person recovering after a heavy blow, wondered what had happened. Then her hand, as with her first waking thought it had done for the last week, went to the locket chain around her neck. Oh, yes, yes; she had forgotten. The sapphire was gone. Gone by fraud, gone at a kiss for ever with Harry—no, with Farrell Wand.

For Harry was not Harry; and Kerr was not Farrell Wand. He was indeed an unknown quantity. Since she had found Harry she had lost both Kerr's name and his place in her fairy-tale. She had seen his very demeanor change before her eyes. Indeed, her hour had come without her knowing it. The spell had been snapped which had made him wear the semblance of evil. His sinister form was dissolving; but what was to be his identity when finally he stood before her restored and perfect? If he were not the thief whom she had struggled so to shield, why, then he was that very strength of law and right which, for his sake, she had betrayed.

She sat up quickened with humiliation. The thing was not a tragedy; it was a grotesque. Blushing more and more crimson, struggling with strange mingled crying and laughter, she slipped out of the bed, and, still in her night-gown, ran down the hall, and knocked on Mrs. Herrick's door, until the dismayed lady opened it.

"I thought it was he," Flora gasped. "I thought it was he who had taken the ring! Why didn't he tell me? Why didn't he keep it secret? I would do anything to have saved it for him, and I let Harry get it! Oh, isn't it cruel? Isn't it pitiful? Isn't it ridiculous?"

Mrs. Herrick, who, for the last 36 hours, had so departed from her curriculum of safety, and courageously met many strange appearances, now was to bear stranger facts. For Flora had let go completely, and Mrs. Herrick, without hinting at hysteria, let her laugh, let her cry, let her tell

piece by piece, as she could, the story of the two men, from the night when Kerr had spoken so strangely at the club on the virtues of thieves to the moment when, in the willow walk, they discovered that the jewel was gone. Clara's part in the affair, and the price she had exacted, even in this unvarnished moment, Flora's instinct withheld, to save Mrs. Herrick the last cruellest touch. But for the rest—she let Mrs. Herrick have it all—and under the shadow of the grim facts the two women clung together, as if to make sure of their own identities.

"I don't even know who he is," Flora said faintly.

Mrs. Herrick gave her a quick glance. She had not a moment's hesitation as to whom the "he" meant. "You will have to ask him when he comes."

"Do you think he will come back?" Mrs. Herrick had the heart to smile. "But think of what I have done. I have lost him the sapphire, and he loves it—loves it as much as he does me."

Again the glance. "Did he tell you that?"

Flora nodded. The other seemed intently to consider. "He will come back," she declared.

Upheld by her friend's assurance, Flora found the endurance necessary to spend the day, an empty, stagnant day, in moving about a house and garden where a few hours ago had passed such a storm of events. She reviewed them, lived them over again, but without taking account of them. Her mind, that had worked so sorrowfully, was now in abeyance. She lived in emotion, but with a tantalizing sense of something unexplained which her understanding had not the power to reach out to and grasp. For a day more she existed under the same roof with Clara, for Clara stayed on.

At first it seemed to Flora extraordinary that she dared, but presently it began to appear how much more extraordinary it would have been if Clara had promptly fled. By waiting a discreet length of time, as if nothing had happened, she put herself indubitably on the right side of things. Indeed, when one thought, had she ever been legally off it?

That was the very horror. Clara had simply turned the situation over and seen its market value, and how enormously she had made it pay! Flora herself had paid; and she had seen the evidence that Harry had paid, paid for his poor little hour of escape which a mere murderer might have granted him in pity. Yet Clara could walk beside them, meet them at dinner with the same smooth face, chat upon the terrace with the unsuspecting Mrs. Herrick, and even face Flora in a security which had the appearance of serenity, since she knew that nothing ever would be told. At every turn in the day's business Flora kept meeting that placid presence; and it was not until the end of the day that she met it primed for departure. Flora was with Mrs. Herrick, and Clara, coming to seek them out, had an air of casual farewell. The small, sweet smile she presented behind her misty veil, the delicate white-gloved hand she offered were symbols of enduring friendship, as if she were leaving them only for a few hours; as if, when Flora returned to town, she would find Clara waiting for them in the house. But Flora knew it was only Clara's wonderful way. This uprising and departure were her last.

Now all her waiting was for Kerr's return. She did not know how she should face him, but she wanted him. A telegram came an hour before he came to Mrs. Herrick announcing him; and then himself, driven up on the high seat of the cart, just as daylight was closing. She and Mrs. Herrick had walked halfway out toward the rose garden; and seeing them there, he stopped the cart in the drive, leaped down and ran across the grass. Both hurried to meet him. The three encountered like friends, like intimates, with hand-clasps and hurried glances searching each other's faces.

"Did you save it?" Flora asked.

He looked at Mrs. Herrick, hesitating.

"You can tell, she knows," Flora assured him.

"No, I haven't saved it—not so far," he said. He had taken off his hat and the strong light showed on his face lines of fatigue and anxiety. "He gave me the slip—no trace of him. No one saw him come into the city; nothing turned up in the goldsmith's shop. His friend, the blue-eyed Chinaman, has dropped out of sight. I haven't made it public," he glanced at Flora—"but our men think he's gone by the water route—Lord knows in what or where! He must have had this planned for days." He didn't look at Flora now. He turned his communication carefully on Mrs. Herrick. "There were seven vessels sailed that day, and all were searched; but there are ways of smuggling opium, and why not men?"

They were walking toward the house. Kerr looked up at the window where, a short time before, Clara's face had looked down upon the confusion in the garden.

"Is that paid woman still here?"

"Oh, no; she's gone," Flora looked at him warningly. But Mrs. Herrick had caught his tone. "Why shouldn't she be?" she demanded with delicate asperity.

Kerr had dropped his monocle. "Because, in common decency," she couldn't. She sold Cressy to me for a good round sum."

Flora and Mrs. Herrick exchanged a look of horror.

"I suspected him," said Kerr. "I knew where I'd seen him but I couldn't be sure of his identity till she showed me the picture."

"What picture?" cried Flora.

The picture Butler mentioned at the club that night; Farrell Wand, boarding the Loch Ettive. Don't you remember?" He spoke gently, as if afraid that a wistful phrase in such connection might do her harm. Now, when he saw that she looked, he steadied her with his arm. "We



Across the Top in Thick Black Type Ran the Figures \$20,000.

won't talk of this business any more," he said.

"But I must talk of it," Flora insisted tremulously. "I don't even know what you are."

For the first time he showed apologetic. He looked from one to the other with a sort of helpless simplicity.

"Why, I'm Chatworth—I'm Crew; I'm the chap that owns the confounded thing!"

To see him stand there, announced in that name, gave the tragic force its last touch. Flora had an instant of panic when flight seemed the solution. It took all her courage to keep her there, facing him, watching as if from afar off, Mrs. Herrick's acknowledgment of the informal introduction.

"I came here, quietly," he was saying, "so as to get at it without making a row. Only Purdie, good man! knew—and he's been wondering all along why I've held so heavy a hand on him. We'll have to lunch with them again, eh?" He turned and looked at Flora. "And make all those explanations necessitated by this lady's wonderful sense of honor."

It was here, somewhere in the neighborhood of this sentence of doubtful meaning, that Mrs. Herrick left them. In looking back, Flora could never recall the exact moment of the departure. But when she raised her eyes from the grass where they had been fixed for what seemed to her eternity she found only Kerr—no, Chatworth—standing there, looking at her with a grave face.

"Oh?" he said, "and what about that honor of yours? What shall we say about it, now that the sapphire's gone and no longer in our way?"

She was breathing quick to keep from crying. "I told you that day at the restaurant."

"Yes, yes; you told me why you kept the sapphire from me, but—the hung her, then fetched it out with an effort—why did you take it in the first place?"

She looked at him in clear astonishment. "I didn't know what it was."

"You didn't?"

It seemed to Flora the whole situation was turning exactly inside out. The light that was breaking upon her was more than she could bear. "Oh," she wailed, "you couldn't have thought I meant to take it!"

"Then if you didn't, he burst out, "why, when I told you what it was, didn't you give it to me?"

The cruel comic muse, who makes our serious suffering ridiculous, had drawn aside the last curtain. Flora felt the laughter rising in her throat, the tears in her eyes.

"You guessed who I was," he insisted, advancing, "at least what I represented."

She hid her face in her hands, and her voice dropped, tiny, into the stillness.

"I guessed you were Farrell Wand."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Last Enchantment.

The tallest eucalyptus top was all of the garden that was touched with sun when Flora came out of the house in the morning. She stood a space looking at that little cone of brightness far above all the other trees, swaying on the delicate sky. It was not higher lifted nor brighter burnished than her spirit then. Shorn of her locket chain, her golden pouch, free of her fears, she poised looking over the garden. Then with a leap she went from the veranda to the grass and, regardless of dew, slammed the lawn for the fountain and the rose garden.

There she saw him—the one man—already awaiting her. He stood back to back with a mossy nymph languishing on her pedestal, and Flora hoped by running softly to steal up behind him, and make of the helpless marble lady a buffer between their greetings. But either she underestimated the nymph's bulk, or forgot how invariably direct was the man's attack, for turning and seeing her, without any

circumvention, with one sweep of his long arm, he included the statue in his grasp of her. With a laugh of triumph he drew her out of her concealment.

To her the splendor of skies and trees and morning light melted into that wonderful moment. For the first time in weary days she had all to give, nothing to fear or withhold.

She was at peace. She was ready to stop, to stand here in her life for always—here in the glowing garden with him, and their youth. But he was impatient. He did not want to hurry on out of the present which was so mysterious, so untried to her, as if these ecstasies had no mystery to him but their complete fulfillment. He filled her with a trembling premonition of the undreamed-of things that were waiting for her in the long aisle of life.

"Come, speak," he urged, as they paced around the fountain. "When am I to take you away?"

She hung back in fear of her very eagerness to go, to plunge head over ears into life in a strange country with a stranger. "Next month," she ventured.

"Next month! why not next week? why not to-morrow?" he declared with confidence. "Who is to say no? I am the head of my house and you have no one but me. To be sure, there is Mrs. Herrick—excellent woman. But she has her own daughters to look out for, and," he added slyly, "much as she thinks of you, I doubt if she thinks you a good example for them. As for that other, as for the paid woman—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" Flora cried, hurt with a certain hardness in his voice; "I don't want to see her. I shall never go near her! And Harry—"

"I wasn't going to speak of him," said Chatworth, quickly.

"I know," she answered, "but do you mind my speaking of him?" They had sat down on the broad top of the fountain basin. He was looking at her intently. "It is strange," she said, "but in spite of his doing this terrible thing I can't feel that he himself is terrible—like Clara."

"And yet," he answered in a grave voice, "I would rather you did."

She turned a troubled face. "And have you forgotten what you said the first night I met you? You said it doesn't matter what a man is, even if he's a thief, as long as he's a good one."

At this he laughed a little grudgingly. "Oh, I don't go back on that. I was looking through the great impartial eye of the universe. Where as a man may be good of his kind, he's only good in his kind. Tip out a cat among canaries and see what happens. My dear girl, we were the veriest birds in his paws! And notice that it isn't moral law—it's instinct. We recognize by scent before we see the shape. You never knew him. You never could. And you never trusted him."

"But," she interrupted eagerly, "I would have done anything for you when I thought you were a thief."

"Anything?" he caught her up with laughter. "Oh, yes, anything to haul me over the dead line on to your side. That was the very point you made. That was where you dropped me—if I had stuck by my kind, as you thought it, and not come over to yours."

She saw herself fairly caught. She heard her mental process stated to perfection.

"But if you hadn't felt all along I was your kind, if you hadn't had an idea that I was a stray from the original fold, you would never have wanted to go in for me," he explained it.

Flora had her doubts about the truth of this. For a time she had been certain of his belonging to the lawless other fold, and at times she would have gone with him in spite of it, but this last knowledge she withheld. She withheld it because she could make out now, that, for all his

seeming wildness, he had no lawless instincts in himself. Generations of great doing and great mixing among men had created him, a creature perfectly natural and therefore eccentric; but the same generations had handed down from father to son the law-abiding instinct of the rulers of the law. He was strong in it. In his own mind he and the law were one. His perception of the relations of life was so complete that he had no further use for the written law; and Farrell Wand's was so limited that he had never found the use for it. Lawless both; but—the two extremes. They might seem to meet—but between those two extremes, between a Chatworth and a Farrell Wand—why, there was all the world's experience between!

She raised her eyes and smiled at him in thinking of it, but the smile faded and she drew away. They were about to be disturbed. Beyond the rose branches far down the drive she saw a figure moving toward them at a slow, uncertain pace, looking to and fro. "See, there's some one coming."

"Oh, the gardener!" he said as one would say "Oh, fiddlesticks!"

The gardener had been her first thought. But now she rose uneasily, since she saw it was not he, asking herself: "Who else, at such an hour?"

By this time Chatworth, still seated, had caught sight of it. "Hello," he said, "what sort of a thing is that?"

It was a short, shabby nondescript little figure, shuffling rapidly along the winding walk between the rose bushes. Now they saw the top of his round black felt hat. Now only a twinkling pair of legs. Now, around the last clump of bushes he appeared full length, and, suddenly dropping his businesslike shuffle, approached them at languid walk.

Flora grasped Chatworth's arm in nervous terror. "Tell him to go," she whispered; "make him go away."

The blue-eyed Chinaman was planted before them stolidly, with the curious blind look of his guarded eyes blinking in his withered face. He wore for the first time the blouse of his people, and his hands were folded in his sleeves.

"Who's this?" said Chatworth, appealing to Flora.

At this the Chinaman spoke. "Mr. Crew," he croaked.

The Englishman, looking from the Oriental to Flora, still demanded explanations with expostulating gesture.

"It is the one who sold us the sapphire," she whispered; and "Oh, what does he want of you?"

"Eh?" said Chatworth, interrogating the goldsmith with his monocle.

"What do you want?"

The little man finished his long, and what had seemed his blind stare; then he turned to his sleeve. He drew forth a crumpled thing which seemed to be a pellet and this he proceeded to unfold. Flora crouched cautiously forward, loath to come near, but curious, and saw him spread out and hold up a roughly-torn triangle of newspaper. She gave a cry at sight of it.

Across the top in thick black type ran the figures \$20,000.

Chatworth pointed a stern forefinger. "What is it?" he said, though by his tone he knew.

The Chinaman also pointed at it, but cautious and apologetic. "Twenty thousand dollar." He waited a moment. Then, with a glimmer as of returning sight, presented the alternative.

"You like god?—little loss?—come see?" And with his finger he traced in the air a curve of such delicate accuracy that the Englishman with an exclamation made a step toward him. But the Chinaman did not move. "Twenty thousand dollar," he stated. It sounded an impersonal statement, but nevertheless it was quite evident this time to whom it applied.

The Englishman measured off his words slowly as if to an incomplete understanding, which Flora was aware was all too miraculously quick. "This little god, this ring—do you know where it is? Can you take me to it?"

The goldsmith nodded emphatically at each word, but when all was said he only reiterated, "Twenty thousand dollar."

Chatworth gave Flora an almost shamefaced glance, and she saw with a curious twinge of jealousy that he was intensely excited. "Might as well have a pot-shot at it," he said; and sitting down on the edge of the fountain and taking out his check-book, rested it on his knee and wrote. Then he rose; he held up the filled-in slip before the Chinaman's eyes.

"Here," he said, "Twenty thousand dollars." He held the paper well out of the little man's reach. "Now," he challenged, "tell me where it is?"

Into the goldsmith's eyes came a lightning flash of intelligence, such as Flora remembered to have seen there when Farrell Wand, leaning on the dusty corner, had bidden him go and bring something pretty. He seemed to quiver a moment in indecision. Then he whipped his hand out of his sleeve and held it forth palm upward.



This time it was Chatworth who cried out. The thing that lay on the goldsmith's palm Flora had never seen, though once it had been described to her—"a bit of an old gold heathen god, curled around himself, with his head of two yellow sapphires and a big blue stone on top."

There it blazed at her, the jewel she had carried in her bosom, that she had hidden in her pouch of gold, and that had vanished from it at the touch of a magic hand, now cunningly restored to its right place in the forehead of the Crew Idol, crowning him with living light.

Speechless they looked together at the magic thing. They had thought it far at sea; and as if at a wave of a gentler wand it was here before them flashing in the quiet garden.

With an effort Chatworth seemed to keep himself from seizing on ring and man together. He looked searchingly at the goldsmith and seemed on the point of asking a question, but, instead, he slowly held out his hand. He held it out cup-fashion. It shook so that Flora saw the Chinaman steady it to drop in the ring. Then, folding his cheek miraculously small, enveloping it in the ragged piece of newspaper, the little man turned and shuffled from them down the gravel walk.

Chatworth stood staring after him with his idol in his palm. Then, turning slow eyes to Flora, "How did he come by this?" he asked, as sternly as if he demanded it of the mystery itself.

"He had it from the very first." The pieces of the puzzle were flashing together in Flora's mind. "That first time Harry left the exhibit he took it there."

"But the blue sapphire?" Chatworth insisted.

"Harry," Flora whispered, "Harry gave it up to him."

"Gave it up to him?" Chatworth echoed in scorn.

But she had had an inspiration of understanding. "He had to—money to get off with. He gave Clara all he had so that she would let him get away. Poor thing!" she added in a lower breath, but Chatworth did not hear her. He had taken the idol in his thumb and finger, and, holding it up in the broadening light, looked fixedly at it with the passionate incredulity with which one might hold and look at a friend thought dead.

She watched him with her jealous pang increasing to a greater feeling—a feeling of being separated from him by this jewel which he loved, and which had grown to seem hateful to her, which had shown itself a breeder of all the greedy passions. She came softly up to him, and, lifting her hand, covered the idol.

He turned toward her in wonder. "Ah, you love it too much," she whispered.

"That's unworthy of you," he reproached her. "I have loved you more; and that in spite of what I believed of you, and what this means to me. To me, this ring is not a pretty thing seen yesterday. It is the symbol of my family. It is the power and pride of us, which our women have worn on their hands as they have worn our honor in their hearts. It is part of the life of my people; and now it has made itself part of our life, of yours and mine. Shall I ever forget how starkly you held it for the sake of my honor, even against myself? Should I ever have known you without it?" He put the ring into her hand, and, smiling with his old dare, held it over the fountain. "Now, if you want to, drop it in." He released her hand and turned to leave her to her will.

For a moment she stood with power in her hands and her eyes on his averted head. Then with a little rush she crossed the space between them. "Here, take it! You love it! I want you to keep it! But I can't forget the dreadful things it has made people do. It makes me afraid."

In spite of his smiling he seemed to her very grave. "You dear, silly child! The whole storm and trouble of life comes from things being in the wrong place. This has been in the wrong place and made mischief."

"Like me," she murmured.

"Like you," he agreed. "Now we shall be as we should be. Give me your hand."

He drew off all the rings with which she had once tried to dim the sparkle of the sapphire, and, dropping them into his pocket like so much dross, slipped on the idol that covered her third finger in a splendid bar from knuckle to joint. Holding her by just the tip of that finger, leaning back a little, he looked into her eyes, and she, looking back, knew that it wedded them once for all.



Killing Two Birds.

A neatly dressed woman rushed into a Euclid avenue grocery yesterday and priced the different sizes of pots of baked beans that the grocery keeps up hot ready to take home and serve.

"I guess the small size will do," she said, hesitating.

"How many do you desire to serve?" inquired the clerk, ready to advise.

"Oh, I'm not buying them to serve," the customer replied. "Of course I shall use them, but I'm setting them to keep my hands warm as the car."

"I came away from home without either muff or mittens!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Novelty in London Club Life.

The fact that in all existing clubs it is against the rule to use the premises for business purposes has suggested the formation of a new club to combine business with social facilities. The proprietors of the institution, the premises of which are in Piccadilly, have called it the London club.

In addition to the ordinary club-rooms there will be a "business reception room," where members can discuss business with each other. Boards will occupy the wall space, which, by permission of the secretary, the details of business propositions in which members desire co-operation will be displayed.—London Evening Standard.

THRESHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than Anticipated.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada as revealed by the work of the Threshers, show much larger yields than were expected as the crop was ripening. It is a little early yet to give an estimate of the crop as a whole, but individual yields selected from various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show that the farmers there as a rule have had reason to be thankful over the results. Excellent yields are reported from many portions of Manitoba and a large district of Saskatchewan has turned out well, while the central portion of Alberta is splendid.

There will be shown at the hand exposition at St. Louis a sample of the Marquette wheat—a new variety and one that appears to be well adapted to the soil and climate of Western Canada—that yielded 53 bushels to the acre. The exhibit and statement will be supported by affidavits from the growers. This wheat weighs well, and being a hard variety will find a ready market at the highest prices obtainable for a first-class article. It is interesting to point out that a field of one hundred acres of this wheat would give its producers 5,300 bushels. Sold at 85 cents a bushel would give him \$45 an acre. Counting all the cost of interest on land at \$20 an acre, getting the land ready for crop, seed sowing, harvesting and marketing, the entire cost of production would not exceed \$8 an acre, leaving the handsome net profit of \$37 an acre. Is there any crop that would yield a better return than this, with the same labor and initial expense? Cotton fields will not do it, apple orchards with their great expense of cultivation and the risk to run from the various enemies of the fruit cannot begin to do it. While what is considered an exceptional case just now is presented, there is no doubt that this man's experience may be duplicated by others who care to follow his example. As has been said the growing of this wheat is but in its infancy, and wheat growing is still largely confined to other older varieties that do not yield as abundantly. Even with these well have records before us of farmers who have grown 40 bushels to the acre, others 35, some 30, and others again 25 bushels. Taking even 20 bushels, and some farmers report that amount, it is found that the returns from such a yield would be \$17 an acre. This wheat will cost to get to market, including all expenses, about \$3 an acre, and the farmers will still have a net profit of about \$14 an acre. Certainly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are progressing, settlement is increasing and there is a general contentment all over the country. The social conditions are splendid, the climate is excellent, and there is every condition to make the settler satisfied.

In the farming congress, held at Spokane in October, wheat shown by the Alberta Government, took the silver cup, awarded by the Governor of the State. It completely outclassed all other specimens on exhibition, and it was but an ordinary selection, hundreds of fields in Alberta and Saskatchewan being able to duplicate it. There are still available thousands of homesteads, as well as large areas of first-class land—that is being offered for sale at low prices. The agent of the Canadian Government from whom the above facts have been learned expects that the rush to Canada will next year largely exceed the numbers who have gone this year.

Tribute to Painter's Skill.

One of the still life paintings by Jan van Huysen in the museum at The Hague was recently injured, but it is believed the perpetrator was neither vandal nor thief.

The picture represents a basket of fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On one yellow apple, which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, so say the officials of the gallery, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoot" it and brought his cane or hand too close to the canvas. "A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which the work had to suffer."

What Resinol Accomplishes Is Truly Wonderful.

I frequently have patients who are troubled with skin eruptions, and have taken occasion to recommend Resinol, and in some cases the cures have seemed miraculous, and had I not seen them both before and after, would scarcely have believed them true. One lady told me that she had spent over \$100 in various remedies, and was cured with one 50c jar of Resinol. It is truly a wonderful cure for eczema and other itching troubles.

F. M. Stevens, D. D. S., Dover, N. H.

Progress in Railroad.

"Yes," said the lady whose dress case is covered with strange foreign labels, "the way railroads are run nowadays is a great improvement over what they were 50 years ago."

"But surely you had no experience as a traveler 50 years ago," says her friend.

"I don't mean that. But nowadays, don't you notice, when there is a wreck it is always had at some point convenient to a cluster of farm houses where the victims can go for coffee and to get warm?"

Many a woman is single from choice—the choice made by a man who chooses another.